This Stagē, the Ship upon whoſe Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The god of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heaven and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Braſſe,
Having cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: Oh how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? thē Seamans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Divineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentlē
To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, made ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes travailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heerē is a thing too yong for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lychor. Patience good ſir, doe not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left living of your Queenē;
A little daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We here below; recall not what we give,
And therein may uſe honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good ſir, even for this charge,
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a moſt bluſterous bird hath never Babē:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That

That ever was Princes childe
Thou haſt as chiding a Nativit
As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, a
To harold thee from the wom
Even at the firſt; thy loſſe is m
Thy porrage quite, with all th
Now the good gods throw th

Enter tw

1. *Saylor.* What courage ſir
Per. Courage enough, I doe
It hath done to me the worſt:
Of this poore infant, this freſ
I would it would bē quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolins the
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, ar
kiſſe the Moone, I care not.
1. *Say.* Sir, your Queene m
The ſea workes hie, the winde
And will not lie till the ſhip be
Per. That's your ſuperſtition
1. Pardon us ſir; with us at
And we are ſtrong in Eaſterne
Per. As you thinke meete,
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.
Per. A terrible child-bed ha
No light, no fire, the unfriend
Forgot thee utterly, nor have
To bring thee hallowd to thy
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely coffind,
Wherefore a Monument upon
The ayre remaining lampes, th
And humming water muſt ore
Lying with ſimple ſhels: Oh
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, In
My Caſket and my Iewels, and

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA